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Voices of Peace



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Victory, Peace, Progression, three
Offered themselves in the making of me.

I was reborn, and it happened thus:

Cold in my closet under the dust

Each year had laid, as each year must—

Some thirty years I had lain by myself—

Oh, a cry I heard, upon my shelf,

For a paper for Peace. I heaved a sigh.

Perhaps,” I thought, “it can really be I,

Even though old and forgotten I lie.”

And I hastened to answer, and sprang into view.

Certainly now, when I’m fresh and new,

Each page of me, reader, holds something for you.

M. C. H.

VOICES OF PEACE

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VOICES OF PEACE APPEARS AGAIN

After twenty-five years of obscurity, VOICES OF PEACE is making its appearance once more. The Literary Society which has the higher average for the quarter in the English classes has the privilege of editing the magazine for that quarter. Although this time that privilege falls to the Sigma Phi Kappa Society, the magazine is representative of the whole student body. It is with the greatest enthusiasm that we undertake to place a magazine for Peace before the public.

We are hoping for big things through our magazine, and with the assured coöperation of our student body we feel confident that it will mean a really progressive step for Peace. We want our magazine to be the embodiment of our life here and the ideals for which we stand. For this type of magazine every single one of us must coöperate. Are we as a whole going to stand behind our new magazine and make it what we really want it to be?

WHAT ARE WE CONTRIBUTING TO PEACE?

What are we contributing to Peace? Are we doing all in our power to make it a bigger, better place than it was when we came? And do we realize that every single thing we do to make Peace broader and better makes us individually just that much broader and better?

What are our ideals for Peace? We wish nothing less than the very best for her. How shall we get this? Let's keep up that fine spirit of loyalty for her which will be the strongest bond of union we can have in our student body. Let us take an active interest in school activities. Our studies do not offer us the only benefit we should receive from our life here. Let us be interested in athletics, in our societies and in our class activities. Let us always be willing and ready to do our part, whether it be that of leadership or of loyal support. Let us show that we are a live part of our school. What are we going to contribute to Peace?

THE TENNIS BALL

It was one of those invigorating spring afternoons, in late March. The fresh air of the little flower garden was filled with the mingled breaths of hyacinths and violets. The rose vine spread itself proudly on the white fence. The small walks were smooth with a recent raking. The little white gate opened and two men, clad in white trousers and tennis shoes, strode into the garden, swinging tennis rackets.

"Well, Bob! I'm in a fix now! Those school girls make our house a Saturday night eating-place because it's so near and 'Sis' won't stop 'em! She just called up from over there and said she was going to bring another one of those silly idiots for dinner tomorrow night!" All this tall, dark-haired Jake blurted out sarcastically. "She said if I didn't like the one she was bringing this time, she'd never bother me with the entertainment of another of her friends! But I politely told her I'd leave town if she did!" he snapped in triumph. Then as an uncertain frown crept over his face, he added half dejectedly, "You see, Bob, I'm doggone tired of this Saturday night entertainment!"

Bob laughed, though a little dubiously, as they passed on through the garden and neared the tennis court, at the further end. Just as they were about to proceed to their respective sides, Bob twisted his racket in the earth for an instant, then turned to Jake and asked, "Jake, what kind of a girl do you admire, anyway?"

Jake rested his racket on the ground and propped one hand on his hip, "Well, I'll tell you!" he replied. "I like a good sport that has some sense! And black hair is preferable!"

Nothing else was said, each strode to his side of the court, in silence.

"Ready!" snapped Jake.

"Serve!" came in response and the deferred tennis game began.

One side of the tennis court was bordered with a hedge, and on the opposite side of the street rose a high, board fence, over which, at present, floated echoes of "Put 'er in, 'Sil'!" "Guard 'er, Ruth!"

But the tennis game went swiftly on, undisturbed.

"That's the second one in succession, Bob! I'll beat this one! Just wait and see! Ready!" he yelled as he tossed the ball into the air and whizzed it over.

With a swift sling of the racket, Bob returned it and stood back with a broad grin.

Then, with a quick "Unh!" Jake leaped back and with a fierce sweep, sent it over the hedge and on over the board fence.

"Gosh! You sure gave her a lick, Jake! Better cool down a little, old fellow!" laughed Bob.

"I'll be back in a minute!" announced Jake, and, as he threw his racket on the grass, he sprang over the hedge and across the street. Then while Bob spread himself lazily on the grass and chuckled, he clambered over the board fence.

As he jumped down into the weeds on the other side, he noticed with a disgusted grunt, the crowd of excited girls, clad in black bloomers and red caps, formed by middy ties; then he began the search.

"Well! Hello, Bud! Where'd you come from?" yelled one of the excited girls. "Oh, you've lost your tennis ball, have you?" she inquired, as he straightened himself to meet her. "Come on, girls! Let's help him find his ball!" she called enthusiastically.

About ten girls ran from the Basketball Court and searched in the weeds with pretended eagerness, all the time eyeing Jake, while a few loitered in groups on the court.

"Here it is! I've got to go, Martha!" exclaimed Jake, and turned disgustedly to recross the fence.

"Say, Bud! Wait a minute!" pleaded Martha, and Jake eyed her with an almost malignant gaze.

"'Sil', come here a minute!" she called.

"'Sil' turned quickly from the group of chattering girls and looked in Martha's direction. Then, trying in vain to push a black curl back under her headgear, she walked confidently towards them.

"Brother! Miss Gish, I want you to meet my brother!"

Instantly the disgusted frown disappeared and a pleasant smile took its place.

"Why, Miss Gish! I'm very glad to meet you!" he forced.

"Thanks! I'm glad to meet you! Glad you found the ball so easily!" returned "'Sil" indifferently, and she turned to walk away.

Jake tossed the ball in the air a second and then, as he watched the slim retreating figure, he looked at Martha mysteriously.

"Sis, if you *will* have somebody Saturday night, let's have her!" he suggested earnestly.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, '20.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY INNS

When one enters the modern hotel of today and registers for a room, he accepts as a matter of course the services which are rendered him, the comforts and conveniences, the modern appointments, the well prepared food and efficient waiters. But if he should be suddenly transplanted to a fifteenth century inn he would without doubt encounter remarkable differences. These inns were as a whole of the same type, but different in degrees of size and management. The types which we shall study are those described in Charles Reade's book, *The Cloister and The Hearth*.

The first inn which Gerard sought shelter in during his long and wearisome journey to Italy, was scarcely worthy of the name but is interesting on account of its unique character. Gerard, after parting from his sweetheart and turning his head towards Rome, was lost in a dense forest and was stumbling blindly through a pouring rain when he suddenly perceived a light in the distance. He hastened towards it and found himself before a small, one-room house, lighted with many candles. Opening the door, he peered inside and the following picture met his eyes: A large, low-ceiled room, in the center of which was a huge, round stove. Grouped around this stove were some forty or more rustics—men, women and children. A vigorous steam issued from clothing none too clean, and mingled with the odor of garlic. Gerard, forced by the elements, finally entered, and after asking a few questions of the natives, who seemed surprised at his ignorance, discovered that the name of his present lodging was the Star of the Forest, and that the good dame in a far corner of the room was the landlady. Inquiring for supper, he found that the hour for dining was past, and on humbly asking for a place to sleep, he was informed that the beds had not yet come, and, moreover, that "Inns were not built for one." On

this latter remark our hero quietly subsided and “awaited the beds,” whenever and from wherever they might be coming. Eventually, they arrived, thrust in through the door by a pitchfork and proving nothing more nor less than fresh hay. The hour for retirement had now come, “and soon they were all asleep—men, maids, wives, and children, all lying higgledy-piggledy, and snoring in a dozen keys, like an orchestra slowly tuning.”

Such was Gerard’s first adventure in a German inn. The second was more typical of its kind. Arriving late one evening at a small village he approached the inn, where he detected no signs of life. On hallooing for the inn-keeper a head was thrust out of an upstairs window and an indifferent voice directed him to a side entrance. He entered and found himself in the public room, which corresponds probably to our lobby. He waited patiently by the stove for nearly an hour and then addressed the waiter, asking when supper would be ready. The answer was that it would be when thrice as many guests had arrived, and the waiter added what seemed to be the slogan of the time, “Inns are not built for one.” However, the meal when it was served was plenteous, if not of the most digestable nature. Such a conglomeration of broths, spiced meats, peppered meats, salted meats, and, in short, nothing but meat, if we except the inevitable beer and the last unique dainty, the cheese. Gerard’s sleeping quarters were a slight improvement, in that he was assigned to a bed, but this luxury was probably overbalanced by the fact of the room-mate he was obliged to share it with, said roommate being extremely active and talkative, whether asleep or awake.

Although he was very glad when the time for departure came, we doubt if Gerard’s next lodgings were more commodious. The next inn was unable to provide food, but was glad to furnish a place to sleep. Gerard slept that night among the kine and awoke next morning to discover that one of the gentle

creatures had calmly devoured his pillow while he slept; not knowing that her breakfast of hay had served for such.

We now come with Gerard to Burgundy, the beloved country of his companion and friend, the irresistible Demp. At their first stop they were met by the landlord, bowing and smiling. A chair was dusted by the mistress and they were begged to "make themselves the trouble of being seated." Supper was ordered for two, it seeming that here one guest was as important as forty. They were entertained by both the landlady and her daughter, and when bedtime came, were shown to a room with nice white beds and clean linen.

The two companions left next morning with something of regret, and well they might, for their next night's repose was far from peaceful. We shall not describe their encounter at the next inn with robbers too fully, because it would not be just to give so much space to this house, which was an exception. Suffice it to say that Gerard and Demp escaped without serious injury after having killed or taken prisoners the seven men leagued with the landlord to rob and kill them.

There was one more pleasant inn, the Fête d'Or, but Gerard was robbed of any enjoyment he might have had in its accommodations by the foolish behavior of the landlady, with the beautiful white hands, who was forever trying to draw attention to their perfections. He doubtless had other experiences at similar places, but they are not recorded, and we must be content with these few glimpses which, nevertheless, tell us much of the customs and people of that day.

JEAN McGINN, '21.

THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

The rising gong was awful late,
It didn't ring till nearly eight;
And when it rang the heat was on,
And all the rooms were nice and warm.
The proctor smiled, and shouted, "Well,
We'll all sleep on till breakfast bell."
But no one was sleepy, and so we rose
And every girl put on her clothes
Inside her room, not on the stair,
And every girl arranged her hair.
As soon as we heard the breakfast chime
We left our rooms, and got on time,
And on the tables were bowls and bowls,
Of fruit, and nuts, and quail, and rolls.
And the coffee was hot and the teachers were there
With fancy combs stuck in their hair,
With lips rouged red, and cheeks rouged pink
And eyes as black as the blackest ink,
And some had even had their brows pecked,
And some wore ear-bobs that reached their necks.
When the meal was finished, we started to talk,
But no bell rang to go to walk;
And none of us had to go to school,
Do you believe that?—*April fool!*

M. C. H.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS IN THE SOUTH

Superstition has existed among the negroes ever since the beginning of the race itself. In Africa, they worshipped idols, and had many curious and superstitious ways of serving their gods. When African slaves were sold to the American Colonies, they were still as ignorant and superstitious, and as devoted worshippers of "stocks and stones" as their ancestors, and naturally brought with them to this country their ideas of spirits, ghosts, witches, and devils, which were as real to them as the people with whom they associated.

The South is the home of superstition because it is the home of the negro. Only those people who live in the South know to what extent superstition has continued throughout the ages, and how much it has affected the negro race. All my life I have lived on a southern plantation and have been directly associated with the negro and his numerous superstitions. Having been nursed by an old-time negro mammy, I naturally imbibed many of these superstitions, and, as a child, had the utmost faith in a rabbit's foot and an assa-fœtida bag.

We are told that the Africans worshipped the moon. We can therefore see today why the moon inspires the negro with peculiar awe, and the darkness fills him with dread. "De elements," as the heavens are termed, are studied for signs. The belief in the moon as having more influence than the sun is prevalent. The average negro has not the faintest notion of astronomy, and of all the planets, the moon alone gets his real attention, unless there is a comet, when there is more or less fear. The negro will tell you that a red moon is a sign of cold weather, and a very pale moon a sure sign of snow. He has many ways of telling by the moon when it is going to rain. When the ends of the crescent moon turn up, he knows there will be a long dry spell, but when they turn down, there

will be a long wet spell, for then the moon is believed to empty the rain upon the earth. Hogs should always be killed in the full of the moon, because if they are killed at this time the meat and lard will turn out better. The negro also makes his soap in the full of the moon. Beans, too, must be planted then, in order to make them mature early and be plentiful.

The negro resorts to some curious methods of warding off diseases. His most common preventive is an asafœtida bag which he wears around his neck. His faith in the asafœtida bag is described in the poem, "Diseases," by John Charles McNeill:

I once et too much sparrow-grass
Dey thought I's dead 'ill I breaved on glass,
Consumption wrastle mighty strong;
St. Fighters dance fou't fast en long;
De fox-fire got among my spleen
En yallar Jonnies turn't me green;
Brown skeeters wouldn't lemme breave,
En de collar marbles made me heave;
But I kyored myse'f as you kin see,
Wid calamis root en hore houn' tea.
Nen all my life I ain't seed fit
To go to no horse-spittle yit.

Dis here nigger he don't brag,
But 'round his neck he totes a bag,
En in dat bag jis sniff en see—
Bees a ball of assyfidity.

Almost every old southern negro wears a brass ring on his thumb. If you should ask why he wears a ring on that finger, he will answer, "Lordy, chile, I put dat ring dey two years ago and I ain't had no rheumatism since." Flannel strings tied around the ankle are also said to prevent rheumatism. A dime with a hole in it, attached to a string, tied around the ankle is said to keep one from having dropsy.

Not long ago, I asked Mandy, the washwoman, what her baby's name was. She said she had named the baby six different times, but yet she hadn't found a name that suited

it. Then I asked her how she could tell when a name suited the baby, and she replied, "Well, when dey cries all de time and ain't sick, jus change de names and dey'll be good, and *den* if dey ain't good—well, you'll jus have to keep on changing dey name 'till dey are." I told her that perhaps the child was fretful because it was teething, and not because it disliked its name. Mandy replied, "Nowm, 'tain't dat, 'cause when dey're teethin' I keeps buzzard's quills strung around dey neck and de'll sho keepum from being so cross." But I asked, if the quills would not stick in their eyes? Mandy answered, "Oh no'um, Miss, I cuts um fine lak beads and strings um and dey plays wid um and chews um, an' it beats dese pacifiers and rubber rings dat cost so much!"

Negroes have three ways of getting rid of warts. One way is dipping the hands into a decayed stump where rain-water is, and, with the face turned towards the stump, saying, "Barley-corn, barley-corn, injun meal short, spunk-water, spunk-water, swallow these warts!" Then one must walk away quickly, eleven steps with his eyes closed, turn around three times and walk home without speaking to any one; for, if he speaks, the charm is broken.

Another way of removing warts is with a bean. You split the bean, then cut the wart so as to get some blood, and put the blood on one piece of the bean. Then you bury this piece about midnight, in the dark of the moon, at a cross-roads, after having burned the rest of the bean. The piece of bean that has the blood on it will keep drawing to get the other piece to it, and that helps the blood to draw the wart, and soon "off she comes."

A third way to get warts off is taking a dead cat about midnight to a grave-yard, where a very wicked person has been buried. Soon some devils will come. You will know the devils are present because you can hear their voices, which sound like the wind. When they begin to talk, throw the

cat at them and say, "Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with ye!" A darky will tell you that this way will "fetch any wart." This, however, is the last tried means of getting warts off, because it is almost impossible to get a negro near a grave-yard at night.

The negro lives in never-ending fear of "evil eyes," or omens. An owl is considered the bird of ill omen, and for an owl to hoot close to the house, is a sign of death.

"W'en de screech-owl on de gable en'
En holler 'Whoo-oo, oo-oo!'
Den yo' bettuh keep yo' eye-ball peel,
Kase 'e bring bad luck to yo'!"

But there is a way to make the owl leave, and I learned this from the hired man, who, by way of apology for being late one morning, said he hadn't slept well the night before, because just as he had fallen asleep an owl began to "screech" nearby and he was obliged to get up, turn his left shoe upside down over a straight crack in the floor, and knock on the floor three times before the owl would go away. But this was not all of Jake's trouble; he had a dreadful nightmare and had to put some scissors in his bed to make the nightmare go away.

The smallest negro can always predict rain by the actions of fowls. For instance, when birds and small chickens fly close to the ground for a yard or two at a time and light, there will surely be rain.

"Wen de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon'
En start t' comb e' fedder,
Den yo' bettuh tek yo' omberel
Kase dey's gwine tubbe wet-wedder!"

The negro's method of "making it rain" is to kill a snake and hang it on a bush. This will bring rain within three days.

Lightning bugs or "jack-o'-lanterns" are objects of supreme terror. They are supposed to be luminous ghosts, rather playful than wicked, but at the same time greatly feared. If you want to see a negro really run, let him come suddenly to a swamp where these "will of the wisps" bob around. He will "go so fast he whizzes," as one of them described the flight of another. Fox fire on the ground or on wood is said to be a witch's footprints. A black cat with yellow eyes is another sign that witches are around.

"W'en dé ole black cat, widde yaller eyes,
Slink aroun' lak she atterer mouse,
Den yo' bettuh tek cayre—yo' se'fen frien's
Kase dey's sholy a witch en de house!"

Friday is considered the most unlucky of all days. Negroes say if a task begun on Friday is not completed on the same day, you will never live to finish it. If you are born on Friday, you will be unlucky all your life. If you are born on Saturday you will always have to work hard.

They say that if the owner of a bee-hive dies, the bees must be told about it before sunrise the next morning or they will all weaken, quit work, and die.

The darkey has the greatest horror of death, but occasionally you will find one brave enough to try his fate by looking into a well on the longest day in the year at twelve o'clock. If he sees a coffin, it is a sign of a sudden or unusual death. He declares with wide-open eyes, "It sho is de truff."

The negro bad luck signs are numerous. The most common, and the ones that he avoids constantly, are, meeting a hearse, carrying a hoe through the house, raising an umbrella in the house, and, worst of all, breaking a mirror, for that means seven long years of bad luck. Then you should never count the things to be put on the table, or shake a table-cloth after sundown. If a rabbit should cross the road in

front of you, better stop and turn your pockets wrong side out before going further or there is bad luck ahead for you. If you should forget something so that it is necessary for you to turn and go back for it, before turning around you should make a crossmark and "go 'round" three times. If you should kill a toad-frog, your mother or some near relative will die.

I once knew a lady whose cook was to be married on Valentine's Day. The lady kindly offered to make the wedding cake, and she thought it would be very appropriate to decorate it with red hearts. When the cook came for the cake the next morning, the lady brought it out and asked her how she liked it.

"All 'cept dem red hearts, Miss Win'."

"But Martha, you know it's Valentine's Day!"

"Yessum, I knows dat too, but Miss Win', didn't you know dat red am a sign of blood?" Whereupon the red hearts had to be taken off.

There are good luck signs as well as bad luck signs. If you should find a rusty horseshoe in the road, it will bring good luck to you if you hang it over the gate.

Belief in conjuring is another thing that stirs the imagination of the negro. A conjurer is thought to be a very wise person, whether a man or a woman, and is believed to have magical power. The conjurer gets pay from your enemy to conspire against you or "put a spell on you." If you have been conjured, the only way to be cured is to call in a "witch doctor." He is said to cure the conjured person by building a fire in the center of a circle and stirring it with a black stick until the stick has been entirely burned. Then he takes two bottles. In the larger one he puts a dried frog with a neck-tie of red flannel, and, in the smaller, a bug fixed in the same way. The large bottle is then wrapped in red flannel and buried under the house, directly under the sick

person's bed, while the small bottle is buried under the front door-steps. There are many ways of curing a conjured person, but this is the most common way.

The belief in ghosts and "hants" is very amusing. Ghosts are rarely ever seen by negroes in the day, but after night-fall they lurk behind every black stump and tree, and not the bravest negro would willingly go through a wood after sundown without a hare's foot in his hand. A hare's foot is thought to contain some unusual strength that the "hant" will not approach. The ghost is supposed to be the apparition of a departed soul who before death had some special grudge against you, and who punishes you by returning to "hant" you. An old colored woman died on my father's plantation last year, and when I asked her son if she were to be buried that day, Ike answered, "No'um, Mis', we always keeps our folks out until the sun has risen and set again after they dies, for if dey are buried de same day, dey'll sho come back and hant you." Ike also told me that when money is put on "dead folks' eyes," all the mirrors and pictures must be turned to the wall, for if you see your reflection you will die within three days.

The negro believes that after a person dies, he longs to be on earth again, and is allowed to return to his favorite haunt after sundown. Last summer I happened to overhear a conversation between our cook and the cook next door. The cook next door had started home and the nearest way was through a small stretch of woods. Near the woods was a small log cabin where Aunt Clarisse, an old darky, had died shortly before. Since her death the path through the wood had seldom been used after dark. The conversation was as follows:

"Lily, come walk to the woods with me."

"Oh go on, nigger, Aunt Clarisse don't want you."

"Now Lily, if you don't go wid me I'll haf to walk all de way 'round de road."

"Oh go on! If she gets atter you, jus' run."

"Now Lily," came the pleading answer, "you know I can't out-run a hant!"

Last year Colonel Olds took a crowd of Peace girls to walk, and we visited a colored cemetery in South Raleigh. We noticed that many of the graves were covered with broken bits of looking-glass. We asked the keeper, who was an aged colored man, the reason for this, and he replied that it was to keep out the "hants" which usually infest grave-yards. He told us that this kind of "hant" flies low to the ground, and looks quite closely to see if there is any way of getting into the grave, but that, when it sees itself in the looking-glass, it is frightened by its own reflection and gets away as quickly as possible. Colonel Olds told us that in Africa bright colored objects are put on sticks near the graves, and are hung so that they flutter in the wind, and frighten the "hants" away.

I have given a few examples of the weird beliefs and superstitions which have dominated the minds of the negro race in the South for over four hundred years. Superstitions is indeed the chief characteristic of the Negro race. However, during the last decade, as the negroes are becoming educated, many of these ideas and superstitions have been gradually passing away.

There is a poetic sadness in the disappearance of the old "Uncles" and "Aunties" of our childhood, who, to us, have immortalized the nursery rhymes. We shall miss the dusky old brow whose wrinkles told of toil and sweat and sorrow, the old black hand which rocked our cradles and fanned the fever from our brows. Old Black Joe is gone, his little log cabin is crumbling and the owl and the bat seek shelter amid its ruins. The "Old Oaken Bucket" and the familiar well-

sweep have disappeared. Gone, too, are the fiddle and the bow. "Once their irresistible witchery charmed the wee sma' hours and inspired the song and dance the live-long night."

"God bless the forlorn and ragged remnant of a race which is now passing away. May the green turf rest lightly on their ashes, and the wild flowers deck every lonely grave where 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' May their golden dreams of golden slippers, of golden streets, of golden harps, and of golden crowns have become golden realities."

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22.

SAID JAMES PETER BRAWLEY OF PEACE

Said James Peter Brawley of Peace,
"The stars from their shining do cease.

Now heed my advice
Or you'll pay the price
And be wrapped up in flannels and grease."

Then spoke Miss McLelland of Peace,
"We'll risk it this one time, at least,
And if you get wet
Don't grumble and fret,
Run quickly and swiftly to Peace."

And so to the concert we went,
Hearts solely on pleasure were bent,
But, oh, how it rained!
Our best clothes were stained!
For not minding we sore did repent.

And now, "Prophet Brawley" of Peace,
Good opinions of you increase,
So tell us again
If it looks like rain
That we may shun flannels and grease.

L. W., '22.

PEACE AT THE DES MOINES CONVENTION

Peace was to be represented at the Student Volunteer Convention! This thought brought a thrill to the heart of every Peace girl. Needless to say, the hearts of those of us who were to represent her beat with a peculiar fierceness whenever the thought came to us. For some reason it seemed unreal, rather like a dream. Our Christmas holidays were filled with thoughts of the Convention.

Finally the day of our departure, December 29th, arrived. Arrangements had been made for the delegates from both the Carolinas to meet in Asheville. It was late Monday night when our train pulled in and we were shown our berths. When we awoke Tuesday morning we found that the Carolina Special had already carried us far from our homes. We were somewhere in Kentucky when the train suddenly came to a standstill. We first thought we were sidetracked, but found we were in a very small town, known as Pine-Knot. There was a wreck ahead and there would be no diner for several hours. The two small combination stores of which Pine-Knot boasted were stripped of everything to eat. This made our breakfast consist of cheese, lemon-snaps and sardines. The railroad tracks served as a dining-room, and thus the hours passed merrily. Finally, at a signal from the conductor, we found our way back to our cars and again we were on our way. Before we reached Des Moines, we had passed the High Bridge in Kentucky, we had seen the moonlight on the Wabash, we had seen the beautiful Ohio, and the Mississippi frozen over. We had ridden on the Southern, "Big Four," and Rock Island railroads.

Our arrival at Des Moines was ideal. Snowflakes fell thick and fast as we got off the train. Registration came first, after which we found our assigned homes. We Peace

girls were delighted to learn that we were all assigned to the same home. This proved to be quite a delightful place. Our hostess, Mrs. Boyd, was a French instructress at Des Moines College, while Mr. Boyd was studying law at Drake University. Through an accident, while with the Marines, Mr. Boyd had lost his sight. His cheerfulness was one of the most inspiring things of the trip.

The morning meetings were held in the Coliseum. It was dazzling to see this immense building, which seated seven thousand people, filled to the brim. It was wonderful to realize that those seven thousand students, from all parts of the United States and Canada, were gathered for the same serious purpose. This in itself would have been quite worth the trip, but it was only one of the many worth while things. At each morning and night meeting we had the privilege of hearing such men as Dr. Mott and Mr. Spear.

The afternoon meetings, which were held in the different churches, were of a more personal nature. It was in these meetings that we learned about agricultural and medical missions. Here also, we met our own denominational missionaries. It made the meetings doubly interesting for the missionaries to tell of their work, and then for some of their converts to tell their experiences. After such a meeting could any one doubt the need, or the wonderful work, of missionaries?

Sunday, the day set for our return, came all too soon. We had not seen half enough, nor heard half enough lectures. Even in this short time we had been made to see the great need of the world for missionaries, and to realize that the world is looking to America to supply that need.

GRACE MCNINCH, '21.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association had its first meeting in the early part of the year. Everybody was wide awake and full of enthusiasm. The new girls were as interested as the old ones. The following officers were elected:

Anabel Sloan, President.
Laura Bell French, Vice-President.
Eleanor Hales, Secretary.
Dorothy Alderman, Treasurer.

After the election of officers, Miss Cornick explained the various ways in which points could be won for P. I.'s and for the two sides. A committee was appointed from the Greens and Whites, to choose the new members.

The Greens and Whites have not yet had a regular basketball game. But there is a practice game between the teams every day. Volley ball seems to be the most popular game. Every day the court is crowded to overflowing. Then follow such shrieks and yells as one has never heard before. A passer-by would be tempted to believe that there was more rooting than playing; but such is not the case. In the fall tennis was also a popular game. The courts are now practically deserted, but there is no need for worry for spring will end this.

Oh, those walks! Everybody cannot play volley ball, basketball and tennis, but everybody *can* and *does* walk! With at least two of these sports going on each day, there is no reason why every girl should not get at least an hour of exercise, thus making a point for her side toward winning the cup.

The athletic spirit could not be finer. Rivalry between Greens and Whites continually grows keener but we have not dug up the hatchet which we buried at the very close of last year.

NEWS NOTES

A few days after our arrival at Peace, the Faculty, Senior Class, and students of Wynne Hall, entertained the student body on the lawn at Wynne Hall.

Early in October the faculty entertained the students with a reception in the Peace parlors.

About three weeks before Initiation, the Pi Theta Mu Literary Society entertained the new girls by a moving-picture party.

The following Monday the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society took the new girls for a visit to the Country Club.

One day during the fall, Mr. Allen, the manager of the Superba, gave the Peace students and faculty a moving-picture party.

November 1st. Heart thrills and throbs! The Peace girls attended the annual "Ag" reception at State College.

Vice-President Marshall honored Peace with a visit! He made a short but interesting and impressive talk.

Thanksgiving Day! Will it ever be forgotten? Practically the whole student body went to Chapel Hill for the Carolina-Virginia game. It was the most exciting game that the majority of the girls had ever witnessed. Everybody was hoarse for the next week—Carolina won!

Just after Thanksgiving the Presbyterian Church gave the Peace girls a reception.

On December 3d everybody went to hear John MacCormack at the Auditorium.

The Dramatic Club presented two one-act plays. Both were great successes.

The night before we went home Christmas, the Choral Club gave its semiannual concert.

On January 21st, everybody went to hear Galli-Curci.

The editors have a few copies of VOICES OF PEACE, sent to them by Mrs. Lily H. Brown (Miss Lily High), formerly of Chadbourn, now living at Chapel Hill. The copies were printed May, 1893, and January, 1894. The editors of the former were Misses Annie E. Rankin, Pattie Morris, Bessie Wharey and Ella McNeill. The first named is the mother of Katharine Carr. Bess Wharey is now Mrs. Charles Grey, Hendersonville, N. C.; Pattie Morris, Mrs. E. A. Cole; Charlotte, N. C. Miss Ella McNeill is very well-known as a trained nurse. She is now living in Laurinburg, N. C.

We find the following in the issue for May, 1893:

"Miss Augusta Graves, Class of '86, will sail this fall for Hangchow, China, where she purposed to assist Miss Helen Kirkland in her Mission School. The Girls' Missionary Society of Peace has decided to appropriate its offerings to the support of her teacher."

Miss Augusta Graves is the mother of Agnes White, 1917. She is now living in Yen Cheng, China. Agnes is there now with her mother. She studied at Agnes Scott for two years after she left here. Last spring she returned to China to be with her parents.

JOKES

Apply early so as to avoid the rush for "Pinkey" Boyd's blushes.

Cassandra Penn (wearing glasses for the first time): "What did you say, Miss Graham? I can't hear with these glasses on."

Miss Reid: "Compare *ill*."

Rachel Witherington: "Ill, sicker, worst."

Carrie Cheatham (who had just noticed the photographer taking pictures at the Carolina-Virginia game): "Oh look! You know this is going to be a rough game. There's the doctor already out there with his satchel."

Madame (in class): "What is the French word for molasses?"

Ruth Bowen: "Zip."

One of the new girls (when the elevator had stopped) turning to the elevator boy: "How much do I weigh?"

Miss Kelly: "What is the first thing we have to avoid in thinking?"

"Cat" Brewer: "Ourselves."

L. Pate (discussing the "Great Schism" in History Class): "The French cardinals revolted and decomposed the pope."

Janie Stevens (in History Class) giving a report: "Another man threw a taunt at him and hit him on the nose and disfigured him for life."

Mary C. Howard (in looking through a 1919 Goucher Annual for Miss Pfaff's picture and seeing on the college seal, ("Founded in 1885")): "Was this annual printed in 1885?"

Miss Ingraham: "Girls, what is a periodic sentence?"

Lucy Cooper: "One with lots of periods."

The following notice was found in the Chemistry Lab:
"Do not touch Susie Monroe."

Wanted: A new Senior Chemistry Rag.

Bennie Lee: "What is the root of all emotions?"

Margie Benoy: "The heart."

D. Lumley: "I wonder if we can get our pullman reservation all right?"

J. Eason (very much concerned): "I thought you all took the *sleeper* home."

UMBRÆ CÆSARIS

Three little girls went to a show;

Downtown at the Rialto.

They walked within and looked around

And then Jane made a sudden sound—

"Look at that sign above the door,

This high-brow stuff sure makes me sore,

E X I T I O — E X I T I I ,

Think they're classy, don't you see?"

She gave the sign a scornful look;

"They took it out of a Latin book!"

• • • • •

Then suddenly she felt a start,

A palpitating of the heart,

Her gaze intent and closer grew;

She scanned the classic sign anew.

Then knowledge came like light from Heaven—

E X I T 1 0 a n d E X I T 1 1 .

J. McG.

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